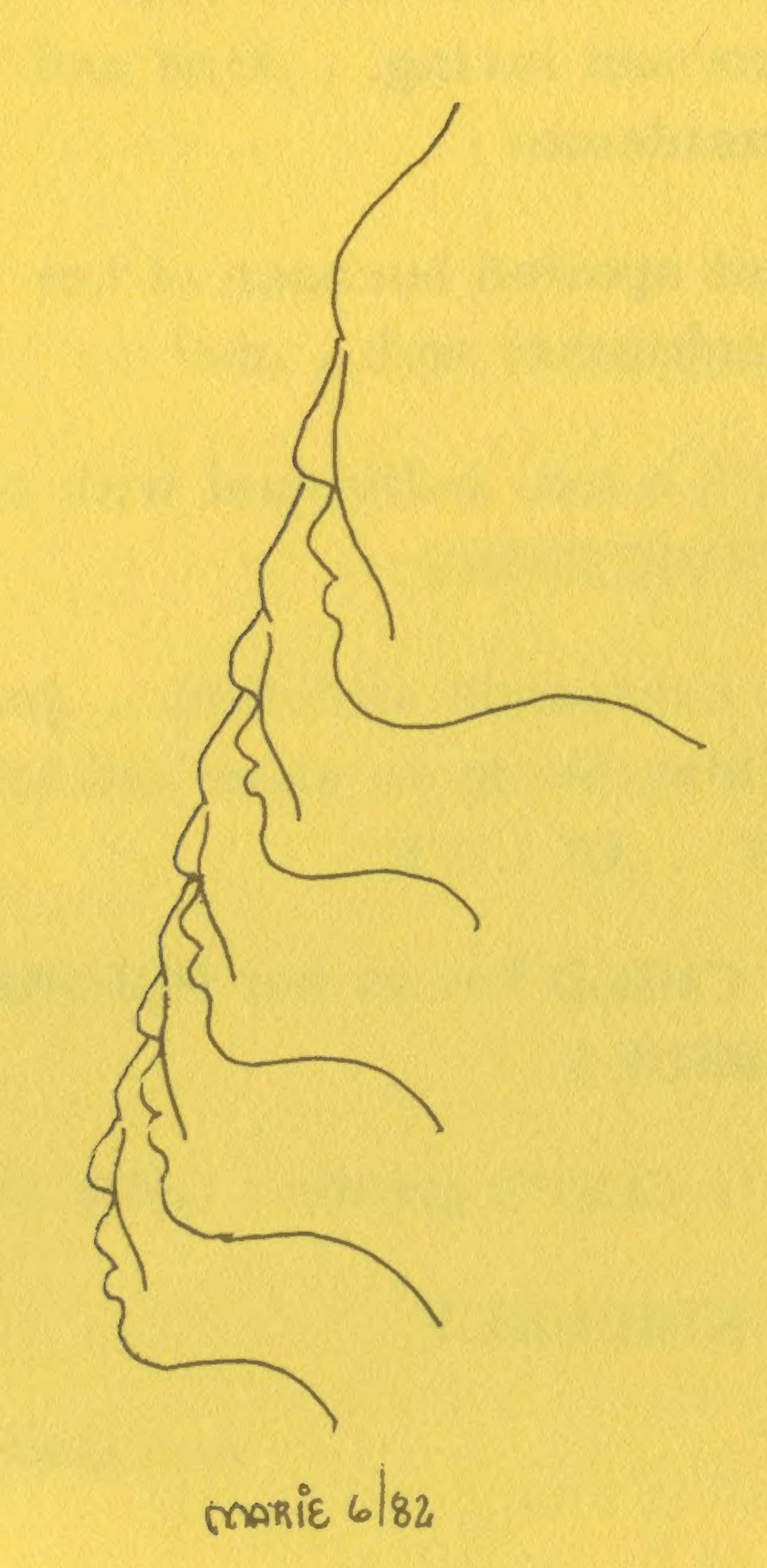
Encounter

After we had talked
About a Black revolution
And debated the process
Of evolution
Talked of Malcolm, Fanon,
And King
And how each had done
His own thing,
This beautiful sister
So hip and superfly
Blew it all with her
Question,
Hey brother! Do you get high?

James Brown

The Test

There is a method
By which your strategy
In this game of blackness
May be weighed,
Always ask the question
Is this the way Malcolm
Would have played?



Great Expectations

All day long she entertained The thought of his impending visit What would he smell like And what would he say, Would he wine and dine Her? Caress and respect her Would he murmur sweet nothings In her ear And proclaim his affection most Dear - For the entire world to Hear? Would he come a courtin' In the latest fashions Carrying roses and expensive Perfume? Would his words play on her Mind, Like a rapturous wine And envelop her being toward Some wild passion overtime? All day long she entertained the Thought of his impending visit At last, he arrived: He knocked on her door Wearing soiled jeans, reeking of Cheap wine, shouting Unpoetically. What's happenin' mamma! Hey mamma, what's happenin'!

James Brown

Mystique

If I try to be romantic

And call you my squeeze

You remind me that brillos are

For squeezing.

So I call you foxy momma
And you say now can I be
Both a fox and a momma
That's inconsistent.

So I call you my girl
And you rap that girl stuff
Is male chauvinistic.

So I simply say
Hey you, come here!
Then you say
Unquestionably
O.K.

"QUESTIONS"

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
ABOUT FREEDOM
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
WITH YOUR VOICE
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
WITH YOUR WOMAN AND
CHILDREN
HAVE YOU EXERCISED A
POLITICAL CHOICE?

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
WITH YOUR TIME
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
WITH YOUR SPEECH
HAVE YOU LAUGHED
AT SOME FORLORN STRANGER
HAVE YOU LEARNED AND
DARED NOT TEACH

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
ABOUT JUSTICE
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
ABOUT CRIME
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
ABOUT PEOPLE
WHO PLAY WITH YOUR
LIBERTY AND MINE

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HELP OTHERS LEARN OR DO YOU SHUN RESPONSIBILITY NOW THAT ITS YOUR TURN HAVE YOU HELPED THE BLIND AND CRIPPLED WITH A SMILE AS YOU OPEN THE DOOR OR DO YOU DELIGHT IN YOUR PERSONAL COMFORT AND MAKE FUN OF THE SICK AND POOR ARE YOU GROWING AND PAVING THE WAY SO THAT GENERATIONS TOMORROW WILL HAVE A BETTER DAY

SWEET POTENTIAL

YOU BURN MY TOAST SPOIL THE ROAST AND THEN YOU BOAST THAT I AIN'T THE MOST

WHEN I'M COMPOSED
YOU'RE INDISPOSED
OFTEN TEMPERMENTAL
BUT THAT'S O.K.
YOU GOT SWEET POTENTIAL

YOU PLOT AND SCHEME
THEN YOU CALL ME MEAN
IF I SAY LET'S GO
YOU ALWAYS SAY NO
BUT THEN YOUR PISCES
AND I'M VIRGO
THIS MIGHT BE CONSEQUENTIAL
CAUSE YOU GOT THAT SWEET POTENTIAL

IF I WANT SCOTCH YOU WANT RYE
IF I TELL YOU WHERE
YOU WANNA KNOW WHY
WHEN I TELL THE TRUTH
YOU CALL ME A LIAR
WHEN I'M ON FIRE
YOU HAVE NO DESIRE
DESPITE ALL YOUR VICES
THE DIFFERENTIAL IS
YOUR SWEET POTENTIAL

IF I WANNA GIVE
YOU'D RATHER TAKE
IF I SAY FRIED CHICKEN
YOU'D WANT IT BAKED
IF I WANT JAZZ
YOU WANT POP
IF I WANT SPIRITUALS
YOU GOTTA HAVE ROCK

WHEN I'M BEING COOL
YOU TAKE LIBERTIES, AND CALL ME A FOOL
IF I COME HOME
WITH KISSES AND FLOWERS
YOU WANNA KNOW WHY I'M LATE AN HOUR

ANY WAY I CHOOSE
I ALWAYS LOSE
I KNOW YOUR VICES
ARE NOT INTENTIONAL
AND THAT'S WHY YOU GOT THAT SWEET POTENTIAL.

"THAT FEELING"

I FEEL THAT FEELING COMING ON

I FEEL THE LUST

I FEEL THE FIRE

I FEEL THE PULSE

A HOT DESIRE

I FEEL THAT FEELING COMING ON

I FEEL THAT FEELING COMING ON

I WANT TO FINGER JAZZ YOU

I WANT TO TOUCH YOU AND CARESS YOU TO

I WANT TO DO EVERYTHING TO GIVE PLEASURE TO YOU 'CAUSE I FEEL THAT FEELING COMING ON STRONG INVITING SLOWLY IGNITING I FEEL THAT FEELING COMING ON...

James Brown 1982

DIALOGUE

HIDING BEHIND YOUR MARIJUANA AND COKE,
YOU KEEP TELLING ME TO "GET IT TOGETHER"
YOU SPEAK OF GOLDEN SUNSETS AND PRIMROSE PATHS
TO ILLUSTRIOUS DREAMS

THE PATH I SEE IS STUDDED WITH JAGGED STONES THAT DO NOT GLOW IN THE NIGHTMARISH DARKNESS OF STRUGGLE AND DEFIANCE

PERHAPS YOUR FALSE, "MIND-HIGH" DOES MAKE YOU SOAR TO THE SKY WHILE I JUST SAG WITH THIS HEAVY LOAD

I KEEP TRYING TO EXPLAIN IN LOGICAL SEQUENCE THE ANSWERS....
AND YOU KEEP GIVING THE SOLUTIONS IN DISJOINTED PARABLES MY ADVICE IS PERMANENT, LOGICAL, AND COLD YOUR SILLY NOTIONS FLUCTUATE WARM AND INVITING BETWEEN YOUR "HIGHS AND LOWS."

THE CURTAIN OPENS... SHE BEGINS HER ACTING THE PLOT IS ONE OF CONQUEST AND THE STAR MUST HAVE HER WAY FROM THE OPENING LINE TO THE END OF THE PLAY SHE DEVISES A MEANS SCENE TO STEAL BY ANY MEANS THE MAN SHE LOVES HER ACTING CAPTIVATES HER LANGUAGE PENETRATES HER ACTIONS CONFLICT BECAUSE HER PORTRAYAL IS TOO STRICT

SHE DOESN'T DEVELOP
IN THE COURSE OF
THE PLAY
SO THE DRAMA FLOPS
WHAT WILL SHE DO?
BLAME THE GUY WHO
GIVES HER PLAY
A BAD REVIEW

JAMES BROWN @ 1981

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Unquestionably
O.K.

"EVIL BLACK MAN"

I'M AN EVIL BLACK MAN
GODDAMN
MY LAUGHTER IS A NASTY
HOWL
AND IN MY MOST PLEASANT MOMENTS
I ISSUE FORTH A GROWL

WHEN PEOPLE SAY
DON'T YOU EVER SMILE?
I REPLY, MAYBE I WILL IN
A FUGGING WHILE

I LEAVE GENTLENESS AND MECKNESS
TO LAMBS
CAUSE I'M AN EVIL BLACK MAN
GODDAMN!

MY HAND SHAKE IS A CLENCHED FIST
AND IF YOU LOOK AT ME LONG
I'M PISSED
MY SMILE IS A SLIGHT FROWN
AND MY COMPLEMENTS ARE A
NASTY PUTDOWN

I AIN'T LOVING
KIND OR DEMOCRATIC
CAN'T STAND RELIGION
OR UNCLE SAM
CAUSE I'M AN EVIL BLACK MAN
GODDAMN!

POLITICAL FATCATS

POLITICAL FATCATS
DON'T CARE ABOUT THE HUNGRY,
THE POOR, THE HOMELESS...
THEY DO CARE ABOUT THEIR IMAGE
SO AROUND ELECTION TIME
THEY PROMISE EVERYTHING
FROM A CHICKEN IN EVERY POT
TO A JOB FOR EVERYBODY
THEY SHOUT FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP
VOTE FOR ME I'LL SET YOU FREE!

POLITICAL FATCATS SIT IN HIGHLY
DECORATED OFFICES AND FLY TO
FLORIDA FOR LUNCH BETWEEN DEBATES
MONEY IS GRACIOUSLY GRANTED
TO STUDY WHY BIRDS FLY SOUTH
IN WINTER OR THE SEX LIFE OF
THE BUMBLE BEE
BUT RIDDING THIS NATION OF
CANCEROUS RACISM THEY JUST
AREN'T ABLE TO SEE
STILL THEY SHOUT FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP
VOTE FOR ME I'LL SET YOU FREE!

A BILL TO RID GHETTOES OF RATS IS SOLIDLY DEFEATED BUT THEN HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF POLITICIANS HAVING RATS ... I SUPPOSE RATS ARE ALLERGIC TO POLITICAL FATCATS DON'T HOPE JUST VOTE FOR THE MORNING AFTER THINGS WILL STILL BE THE SAME THERE'S A GAME PLAYED IN THE WHITEHOUSE THE PRESIDENT IS THE CAT AND WE ARE THE MOUSE BUT WATCHOUT POLITICAL FATCATS! TOMORROW YOU MAY BE SLIM CATS CHASED BY FAT RATS.